

For what's more miserable then Discontent? Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see  
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie; And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,  
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith; What lowring Starre now ennies thy estate?  
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene, Doe secke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life;  
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong; And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,  
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays, Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;  
Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence: And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,  
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went, And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;  
Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case, With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;  
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good: So mightie are his vowed Enemies,  
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane, Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none.  
*Queene*. Free Lords: Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames: *Henry*, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,  
Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile,  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers, Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,  
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child: That for the beautie thinks it excellent,  
Had bene me Lords, were none more wise then I, And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;  
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World, To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.  
*Card*. That he should dye, is worthie policie, But yet we want a Colour for his death:  
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law: *Suff*. But in my minde, that were no policie:  
The King will labour still to saue his Life, The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;  
And yet we haue but triuiall argument, More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.  
*York*. So that by this, you would not haue him dye, *Suff*. Ah *York*, no man aliue, so faine as I.  
*York*. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death: But my Lord *Cardinall*, and you my Lord of *Suffolke*,  
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules: Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,  
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte, As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?  
*Queene*. So the poore Chicken should be fure of death. *Suff*. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,  
To make the Fox hurrier of the Fold: Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted ouer, Because his purpose is not executed;  
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox, By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock;  
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood, As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege;  
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him: Be it by Gynnes, by Snars, by Subletie,  
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how, So he be dead: for that is good deceit,  
Which mates him first; that first intends deceit.

*Queene*. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke: *Suff*. Not resolutely, except so much were done,  
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant; But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
Seeing the deed is meritorious, And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,  
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest; *Card*. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of *Suffolke*,  
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest: Say you consent, and censure well the deed,  
And Ile prouide his Executioner, I tender to the safetie of my Liege.  
*Suff*. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing. *Queene*. And so say I.  
*York*. And I: and now we three haue spoke it, It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Post.

*Post*. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come aaine, To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,  
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword, Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,  
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable; For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.  
*Card*. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe, What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?  
*York*. That *Somer* be sent as Regent thither: 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,  
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France. *Som*. If *York*, with all his farre-seer pollicie,  
Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me, He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long,  
*York*. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done, I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,  
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home, By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
Shew me one skarre, charact'rd on thy Skinne, Mens flesh prefer'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

*Qu*. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire, If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with:  
No more, good *York*; sweet *Somer* be still. Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou bene Regent there,  
Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his. *York*. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame  
take all. *Somer*. And in the number, thee, that wilt shame.

*Card*. My Lord of *York*, trie what your fortune is: Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,  
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen. To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each Countie some, And trie your hap against the Irishmen?  
*York*. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie. *Suff*. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,  
And what we doe establish, he confirms: Then, Noble *York*, take thou this Taske in hand,  
I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords, Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

*Suff*. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd: But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*. *Card*. No more of him: for I will deale with him,  
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more: And so breake off, the day is almost spent,  
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

York. My

*York*. My Lord of *Suffolke*, within foureteene dayes At Brighthelm I expect my Souldiers,  
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland. *Suff*. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. *Exeunt*.

Maunt York.

*York*. Now *York*, or neuer, Steele thy fearfull thoughts, And change misdoubt to resolution;  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art; Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:  
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.  
Faster the Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie,  
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider, Weaues tedious Snars to trap mine Enemies.  
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickely done, To send me packing with an Hoast of men:  
I feare me, you but warme the staru'd Snake, Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me; Take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,  
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands. Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,  
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme, Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:  
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage, Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,  
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames, Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.  
And for a minister of my intent, I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,  
Iohn Cade of Ashford, To make Commotion, as full well he can,  
Vnder the Title of Iohn Mortimer.

In Ireland haue I seene this Stubborne Cade Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with Darts Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:  
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene Him capre vpright like a wilde Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells. Full often, like a flag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,  
Hath he conuersed with the Enemie, And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,  
And giuen me notice of their Villanies. This Deuill here shall be my substitute;  
For that Iohn Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.  
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde, How they affect the Houfe and Clayme of *York*. Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;  
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him, Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.  
Say that he thrue, as 'tis great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd. For *Humfrey*, being dead, as he shall be,  
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exeunt*.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murder of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of *Suffolke*: let him know We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded;  
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done? Didst euer heare a man so penitent? Enter *Suffolke*.  
1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead. *Suff*. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my Houfe,  
I will reward you for this venturous deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.  
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well, According as I gaue directions?  
1. 'Tis, my good Lord. *Suff*. Away, be gone. *Exeunt*.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.

*King*. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published. *Suff*. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit*.  
*King*. Lords take your places: and I pray you all Proceed no straiter gainst our Vnckle *Gloster*,  
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme; He be approu'd in practise culpable. *Queene*. God forbid any Malice should preuaile,  
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.  
*King*. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou? Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*? *Suff*. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead. *Queene*. Marry God forfend.  
*Card*. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night, The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word. *King* sounds.  
*Qu*. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead. *Som*. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose,  
*Qu*. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes, *Suff*. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.  
*King*. Oh Heauenly God. *Qu*. How fares my gracious Lord? *Suff*. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.

*King*. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolke* comfort me? Came he right now to sing a Ravens Note, Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:  
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceined sound? Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,  
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say, Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.  
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight: Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie  
Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World. Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;  
Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske, And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:  
For in the shade of death, I shall finde toy; In life, but double death, now *Gloster*'s dead.

*Queene*. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolke* thus? Although the Duke was enemie to him,  
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death: And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes, Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;